Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes here,
Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.
Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aiery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.
Q. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,
Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.
Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke, with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?
Dut. So many miseries hath crazd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood,
That foule defacer of Gods handy-worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall Cur
Preyes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And make her pewfellow with others moane.
Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me I haue wept for thee.
Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
Young *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*:
Vntimely smothered in their dusky graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand,
Ensues his pitious, and vnpitied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the Dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would co
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt Toad
Q. Mar. I cald thee then vaine flourish of my fo
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high to be hurl'd downe below,
A mother onely mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble